

The following anecdote of editorial cupidity, and its results, is not without parallel on this side of the water. The rage for getting the news a quarter of an hour earlier than any body else, and printing bits of extracts before reading or digesting them, is getting to be so great, that it is very difficult to keep pace with the march of mind, as it hurries onward in this branch of business. For ourselves, we mean to go for the whole. We shall not be contented with keeping pilot boats, and smacks, and clam-boats, dock-wolloping, and prowling off the hook. We mean to make arrangements as soon as we can, to buy all the Liverpool, London, and Havre packets; and have them come strait to the foot of Courtlandt-street; where we shall have the privilege of going on board, and examining all the papers, before any of the passengers can be set ashore, or any one else allowed to go on board.

New York Com. Advertiser.

*"The Rival Editors.*—The Bolton Express relates an odd circumstance which had just occurred in that neighborhood. The Editor of a Provincial paper returning home late at night, found the body of a man hanging to a lamp-post, quite dead. As the circumstance luckily occurred on the eve of publication, he rejoiced at finding a subject for a bit of exclusive 'local' news; but was puzzled how to evade the vigilance of a contemporary Journalist: At length he hit upon a happy expedient—he cuts the corpse down, shouldered him to the office, and there kept the body until the interesting paragraph appeared. But now came the serious part of the tale; the event of course attracted official notice, and suspicion fell so strongly on the unfortunate Editor, that he was placed in durance vile, until a jury had thoroughly investigated the affair; and his innocence considered doubtful until the remnant of the cord fixed to the lamp-post confirmed his story." We do not say that his innocence is at all established—it is quite clear to us, that the Editor strangled the man in order to make a paragraph of him. With all the realms of invention open to an editor, it may seem odd that he should prefer assassination to fable; but a man of a nice sense of honor and style would be far more respectable and gentleman-like than lying. It is notorious to all St. Giles', that sausage-makers use nothing but fat children and punchy terriers for forced meat, and it is not easy to see why Newspaper Proprietors do not, in like manner, kill their own mutton, in other words, make their own murders.—*London Mag. Diary.*